Fayth infringed, which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne, how will he ſpende his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by mee.
*Bero.* Now ſtep I foorth to whip hipocriſie.
Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
Good hart, What grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe Wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting,
But are you not aſhamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I ſeene,
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O mee, with what ſtrickt patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat.
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Sallomon* to tune a Iigge.
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe, o tell me good *Dumaine?*
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt,
A Caudle hou!
*King.* Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
*Ber.* Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that holde it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping companie
With men like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee mee write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ione? or ſpende a minutes time,